

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER,
Richmond. Vol. XLIX. No. 29.

LOUISVILLE. WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1870.

FREE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH,
Louisville—Vol. V. No. 42.

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER AND FREE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

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particular.

Christian Observer. AND FREE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1870.

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DR. DABNEY'S LETTER TO DR. VAN DYKE.

A pastor in Eastern Virginia says in a recent letter to the editors: "Dr. Dabney's letter is nobly written." Another excellent pastor in East Tennessee, writes under date of July 14th: "The paper of Dr. Dabney in your last is just the thing that is wanted. It gives me new light, and I'm grateful to you for its publication. Can't we have 5,000 or 10,000 copies printed and given to our churches? It seems to me it ought to be done, and poor as I am, I feel like pledging half the cost of publication." In another letter from New York, the writer says: "The paper with Dabney on Van Dyke came to hand and is making a noise. We want more of them. Can it be thrown in a tract form? I would like \$10 worth, and Colonel — would like \$10 worth." It is now asked, "Can it not be published in pamphlet?"

We answer, YES—and if those calling for it will immediately advise us what sum they will pledge for, 50, 100 or 500 copies, it shall be done as soon as practicable.

CONTROVERSY PREDICTED.

It has been predicted that there is to be much controversy resulting from differences of opinion, touching the course taken by our late Assembly on the Overture from the Northern Church for correspondence. The prophecy, we trust, is apocryphal. Not that we regard disagreement in all cases as an evil. Disagreement in opinion, and even controversy is refreshing, when two brethren discuss a given question and lovingly compare their views to find out the truth. But controversy is a writhed thing when it is merely an attempt to prove another wrong. We do not know of any one in our Church who wishes to engage in a debate of this kind.

Our Church has a far more important work in hand. As a Church, we occupy a wide and noble field—which, if duly cultivated, will yield abundant harvests. It needs many laborers. To speak without a figure, we need not only ministers—but more prayer—fervent, importunate prayer, more self-denying effort and larger offerings to the Lord's treasury to extend the blessing of a preached Gospel. And are there not thousands in the Church, who will practice self-denial and make far larger offerings to God than heretofore, in time and money as well as in prayer and effort, to aid the cause of Sustentation and Missions and every other evangelical work of our Church? With such work on our hands, we cannot afford time for controversy.

And in regard to our Northern brethren, we need not have any controversy with them. The only defence our Assembly needs touching its course on the overtura for correspondence is a simple statement of facts—of the things done. This, we think, is the only argument required in the matter. And, we trust, that the misstatements that have been repeated will at length be corrected in the minds of thousands at the North. In the words of the *Southern Presbyterian*, "it is not true, as been repeated over and over again—that the Southern Assembly rejected the overture for friendly correspondence with the Northern." This statement is not true, nor is it based on truth; and we will yet hope for magnanimity enough connected with the North-

ern press to correct the misstatement. The overture was kindly and courteously received: the Committee sought for conference, was appointed; and that Committee is waiting, and no doubt ready to meet the Committee from the North, which was discharged shortly after the delegates returned, should it ever be re-appointed. And, we trust, that our Church, by "purity, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report," will command the spirit of peace and the truth to the Northern Church and to the world.

"WHAT IS TBUTH?"

Jesus did not answer this question when asked by Pilate, whose skepticism was noted in our column last week.

If a minister were to take this question as a text, some of his hearers would think it his duty to present a statement of the truth in the form of a few propositions. If a minister were to treat it in this way, "he might give his audience the poor fragments of the truth which his own mind could grasp and call it the gospel—the truth, and require his hearers to receive it on peril of their salvation."

Then they who lean on other minds would leave the church bigoted; and they who think would go home smiling bitterly, or perhaps sarcastically, doubting whether the truth can be found.

No, says the preacher; the answer to Pilate's question "cannot be compressed into a sermon," or into a few columns of a newspaper. No verbal form can give a full idea of the truth. Think you that if Christ could have answered the question in a few sentences he would have spent thirty years in witnessing to it? "The truth is infinite as the firmament above you. In childhood both seem near and measurable; but with years they grow and grow and seem farther off, and farther and grander, and deeper and vaster as God himself, till you smile to remember how you thought you could touch the sky, and blush to recollect the proud, self-sufficient way you used to talk of knowing or preaching the truth."

The truth in religion is a life—like Christianity itself. It is God's character, the Divine life in the soul. How can this spirit, character, life, be defined in ten words, or ten thousand? The truth which Pilate needed—which you want and I want, is not the boundless verities, but the truth of inward life. The perception of your relations to God, your spiritual poverty, and of the excellence, glory, and grace of Christ, faith in him as the light of the world, the only one that can guide me safely amid the darkness in the way everlasting and teach me "how to live and how to die."

How can you attain to the knowledge of this truth? It will require independence, humbleness of mind, action. Let no one imagine that independence savors of presumption. Romans great err who think that Protestant independence is pride and self-reliance. It is in truth a deep sense of personal responsibility and a purpose to trust in God, and not in man. When walking among precipices and glaciers you choose your guide, but he will not carry you; you must walk yourself and use your own strength and tax every nerve to avoid the perils of the way. This is independence—decision of character without a particle of presumption or pride.

To know the truth requires HUMILITY. We must know that there is no infallibility in man; that we are not infallible, and that no council of men or angels can make one infallible. We may err in ourselves; we are all miserable sinners, destitute of all righteousness. This one thought is enough to keep us humble. Besides, "we are of yesterday and know nothing." And if God enlightens us to see his glory as it shines in the face of Jesus, even when thus taught, we but "see through a glass darkly," we know only in part, and in part prophecy. In this fancy of our being it comes to humble ourselves and receive the truth in its purity, just as God has revealed it.

Action is essential to a knowledge of the truth. This was Christ's rule for discovering truth. "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." It is a plain, simple, a blessed rule, intelligible to all. Here we are in a world of mystery, where all is mystery and much is dark—where a hundred jarring creeds declare themselves to be the truth, some of which appear very plausible. How shall a man decide? Let him do the right that is before him. Though much is uncertain, yet many things are clear. Whatever else may be wrong, he knows it must be right to be pure, to be just and tender, merciful, and honest. He knows it to be right to obey and love God, to deny himself and love his neighbor. Let him do the will of God so far as it is known to him. There are many who say, "If I could be sure of what is truth; if I knew that the doctrines of Christ were in-

deed true, then I would cordially embrace them." Men wish to know before they act. God says no. Act—make your lives true; be earnest in all your life. Do the right that is known to you and "you shall know whether the doctrine be of God." It is by right action that faith is made strong and man is prepared to know the truth.

THE LOUISVILLE ASSEMBLY.

We have on our table several communications on the course adopted by the Louisville Assembly with reference to the overture from the Philadelphia Assembly for Correspondence. Most of our correspondents cordially approve of its action as courteous, manly, dignified, Christian. One, a very highly esteemed Christian brother, laboring on the borders, thinks with Dr. Lyon that our Assembly was not sufficiently courteous in its response; but it should have appointed a committee to consider the question of official correspondence without making any reference to the difficulties of the past. Another, who is also highly esteemed, and some of whose remarks we subjoin, also thinks the Assembly erred, but that its error was in exactly the opposite direction. He writes:

"It seems to me that its proper course would have been that adopted by our Methodist friends at Baltimore when a similar proposition came to them from the Northern Methodists, accompanied, too, as in our case, with delegates who expected to be heard on the floor of the Conference.

Our Southern Methodists seem to have better understood the parties with whom they were dealing and did not allow themselves to be drawn into an awkward position. They simply permitted the overture to be read and then in as few words as possible resolved that they were not prepared to take any step in that direction at present and thus dismissed the subject without even inviting the delegates to a seat on the floor or permitting them to address the Conference.

Such a course on the part of our Assembly would have been more simple and dignified.

It would have enabled us to present masterly silence which has marked our action for the last nine years in regard to the Northern Assembly.

But as the matter now stands they will misrepresent our action and they will iterate and reiterate their false statements until the Northern people who seldom see any of our papers will come to believe that what their editors tell them is all true.

As to instructing our committee and sending out a manifesto to enlighten the world in regard to our action and the reason for it, it was simply useless. What do the world care about us, or our actions, or our views?

They stood aloof from us in the time of our sore trial and calmly looked on while our homes were desolated and our sons and sisters reduced to poverty. Now, if the fires of religion were kindled against us, they will be equal to us.

course then would have been to cultivate our own field and to pray for others either from the North or from the portion of the outside world.

Our brother is evidently not aware of the bitterness, and rancor, and threats with which the exponents of public feeling in the Northern Methodist church represented the action of the Southern General Conference to which he refers. Their position was, "Come, brethren beloved, and be absorbed into our great and noble organization." The Southern Methodist church mildly but firmly declined. Then the response was a reiteration of charges as offensive as those made during the war. The Southern church was declared to be a thoroughly corrupt church—sanctioning the immorality of free love, etc.; but it was threatened that as they had been whipped politically, they must and shall, as a church, adopt the notions of their Northern brethren. The action of our Assembly has provoked nothing from any of our papers of the Northern Presbyterian church quite as severe as the following from *Zion's Herald*, a Boston organ of the Northern Methodist church:

"The whole feeling of the Church South is yet hard and hot against the national sentiments. It adjourns to commemorate the Confederate dead. It puts Jeff. Davis in its platform, on its chief seat of honour, although it is so fearful of being entangled in side issues that it refuses to appoint a Committee on Temperance lest it may have to express an opinion on a question of morals. It will probably be equally averse to expressing its views on divorce and free love—or would if these evils were popular in the South, as the last certainly was during the prevalence of slavery. Its whole feeling and conduct towards the people of color are the very opposite of ours.

"These differences run yet deeper. Their hearts are not at our hearts. They understand that, if admitted, they must accept our ideas and usages. Their own notions, on which they have prided themselves so greatly, must disappear, and the prevailing sentiments of the N. M. E. church will subdue all their hostile traits to itself. No persons know this better than the leaders of the Church South. If two ride the same horse one must ride behind. Messrs. Bond, Summers, McNally, McFerrin, Marvin and other real leaders of that church have no desire yet to dismount their sorry secession nags, bony and starved though they be, and mount behind the victorious steed which for years they mocked and sought to kill. They must be indulged in a little more bitterness of spirit and make one new attempt to regain the South to themselves."

Its refusal by the Louisville Assembly

to extend any courtesies to the delegates from the Northern Assembly would perhaps have provoked expressions as bitter in the Northern Presbytery as in the Northern Methodist church. An unqualified acceptance of their invitation would have fully developed the fact which Dr. Van Dyke plainly intimated that the Northern church had no purpose of admitting any wrong on their part in the past to be apologized for now, or to be guarded against in the future, and that this initiatory step towards union contemplated merely the absorption of our own body. The middle course, adopted by our Assembly, viz.: the exhibition of every possible courtesy to the representatives of the Northern church, the assurance of not kind and Christian feelings, and the acceptance of their invitation to a conference, guarding it by a candid statement of the difficulties that separate us—difficulties which could not be ignored—will probably prove to have been wiser than either of the extreme courses urged upon it.

ONCE A MONTH.

JULY 18, 1870.

Correspondence of the Observer and Commonwealth

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

Bishops in Parliament—The Primate and Irreconcilable—Lay Preachers in the Established Church—A Union Mania in Ireland.

A motion was sought to be introduced to Parliament to relieve the bishops from attendance in the Upper House, but it was defeated by a small majority. The opinion is, however, gaining ground that the bishops are very indifferent legislators and ought not to be required to do Parliamentary work.

Some of them are also very unprotesting Protestants. Bishop Ellicott wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury a few days ago requesting him call a meeting of the occupants of the Bench to record their protest against the dogma of infallibility proclaimed at Rome. Dr. Tait declined to do so to the request of the Bishop of

to the request of the Bishop of

He thought it would not be

it is very anxious that his right

brethren should be persuaded of

of employing lay talent on an

in the working of the

He publicly induced a layman

to the office of "Reader,"

took occasion to enlarge on the func-

of the laity. He considered that

should be employed to hold prayer-

ing, &c., & even preach in all

but the "parish church." None

had any right in these

buildings. Methodism is very

in Dr. Magee's diocese, and he can

not recognize the fact that lay preachers

are largely employed by the various

branches of Methodism and hence he has been constrained to the conclusion that what is so useful under the control of the regular ministry of Methodism, might be even more useful under the supervision of the regular clergy of the Established Church. Dr. Magee will possibly find, however, that lay preachers in general have not that reverence for regularly constituted ecclesiastical authority and prerogatives as he imagines them to possess, and they will be very impatient and restive, even under a bishop's influence unless permitted to exercise more privileges than Bishop Magee might be willing to allow.

In this quiet inland town, with its picturesque surroundings, stands the newly finished church alluded to. The building, though not a structure of magnificent workmanship, is neat, pretty and graceful in appearance. It is erected upon a fine lawn or gentle eminence, the identical spot where the old and cherished house of God was seen in the wild war-storm of '61—swept by, numbering it with the things that were. When that sad, sad storm had ceased, and white-robed peace returned, our little band of Presbyterians assumed the responsibility of erecting and paying for a new church. They did with some misgivings as to the result, many, or indeed all of them, having been greatly impoverished by the war. But with the cardinal virtue of patience to sustain them, and resting with a firm and unshaken reliance on the blessing of God, they nobly bore the burden, and finally, with grateful hearts have been enabled to dedicate to the Divine One this new and beautiful temple.

The dedication services were to have taken place on Sabbath morning, but owing to an incessant shower of rain that fell at the appointed time, it was deferred until night. As the day waned, the dark clouds dispersed—the gales sighed themselves to rest, and the distant chambers of the west were curtained with the purple and gold of a royal sunset. The splendid radiance trembled through the purified air, tipping the tree-tops and the mountain's brow with strange beauty, while like a joy it lay on leaf and stream and flower.

Rev. John Jones, of Griffin, Georgia, distinguished for his intellectual attributes as well as goodness of heart, and the same minister that organized this church twenty-two years ago, preached the dedicatory sermon. It was a matchless discourse, full of beautiful imagery, the godly fervor emanating from the inspired heart giving to the language itself a sort of Eastern glow

Religious.

For the Observer and Commonwealth.

THE OLD QUESTION:
BAAL OR GOD?

A New York clergyman was recently put out of his church for drinking gin and milk with some reporters after his Sabbath morning's sermon; a tremendous hollabaloo was raised over his inconsistency by—the world.

A preacher of a fashionable church was recently seen at the Opera. The man is a worldling and the people took it easily. "What if our minister had been seen there?" said a Christian to a worldly member of a congregation whose pastor is a consistent man of God. "I should never go into his church again," was the reply.

It is a self-evident truth, that the world knows what a Christian ought to be. Hence, its sneers at the miserable shame of Christians, who, to-day, are frittering away their priceless time in dress, in sickish fashionable babbles; at the theatre or opera; at dancing parties and at cards.

The world expects something widely different from the followers of Jesus. It expects a man or woman, who publicly consecrates a life to Christ and solemnly renounces the world, the flesh and the devil, to right-about face and march ceaselessly, steadily, firmly and un falteringly along the self-same path which the once despised Master trod before them.

"What difference does it make what the world thinks?" is asked. A great deal, because, very decidedly Christians are to be the burning and shining lights in a world of darkness, and if they let the devil, maliciously snuff them out, they contribute the known quantity of their lighted area to the kingdom of darkness.

The average Christian example is pitifully weak. It would be far better to train a child in absolute normal worldliness, than to place it among professing Christians who dabble in creeds and confessions and church services, but whose essential life is drawn from that very world, which they profess in form to renounce. It is frightful to contemplate the distorted ideas of religion which thousands of young persons have at the present time.

Here is a Christian who takes his quiet "toddle" at home every day. He has a son ten or twelve years of age. After awhile, the very villainous smell of liquor is detected in the boy's breath. In a few years, he is seen to stagger. The end of the little story is apparent.

Here is a father, who keeps a billiard-table in his house. He has talked the matter over with Mr. B—, who is a church officer. B— laughs at the idea of their being anything *wrong* in it. He says he has one, finds it a fine thing for his boys, etc. So the billiard-table goes in and the good angel goes out. He tells us that the boys have now, no inducement to play billiards downtown: thinks it a capital investment. Perhaps, you go by that house late at night. The click of balls is incessant. They keep it up every night. It is a fascinating game. Studies are neglected, and about three hours are cut out of the body's rest. After awhile the boys go off to college, or remove to distant cities. Do they stop playing billiards? It is a ruling passion. They continue to play the innocent game. WHERE? There is a smooth way from those brilliant rooms, where you hear the repeated click of balls, to wine, to revel and to the women of the town. The devil knows it.

I asked a little boy once, in my Sabbath school class, why he did not study his lesson on Saturday evening.

"Mother, makes us all go to dancing school."

My heart sank within me—a Christian mother pushing her children into temptation, from which the teacher is seeking to lead them!

"They must be taught to be graceful." So the grace of a meek and quiet spirit is despised. So, lovely girls grow up to tread the meretricious steps of Salome, whose lascivious grace brought about the murder of a saint! So they grow up to find their pleasure in the dances, which unveil the sacred chastity of their sex and besoil the imagination with the slime of hell. "There cannot be any sin in it; no more than in walking." Ah! friends, where do you find the godly living, holy consistency, purity of conversation; happy religion? Among men and women who cannot meet together on an evening without tearing aside the *distance* which should lie between the sexes? No, never! and you know it.

I was along the street where an opera house on the corner shows its blinding

light. Observe the crowd thronging through the doors. Ah! you see one and another of those with whom you came to the table of the Lord. They are flocking in, shoulder to shoulder with the vicious, the abandoned, the depraved, the worldling. That temple belongs to the world. Its pleasures are designed expressly to kill time. The devil means them to kill souls, and he does it. What are these Christians doing there? Jesus never goes there. It is the pleasure house of the world, the flesh and the devil. Are the opera and theatre-going Christians, those who are growing in grace and likeness to Jesus? Are they crucifying the flesh with the losts thereof? "For whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world." Worldly Christians, does this touch you? "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world."

Does this cover the ground? It does: so completely, too, that you, very worldly Christians, have my loop-hole to get out of the way of its searching arm. Your position is unmistakeably on the devil's side. It is the wrong side to be on in this fight and you know it. May God's Holy Spirit use these poor words, to make you stop just where you are and consider. Remember, God's heaviest judgments were written against His people, just for the simple reason, that "my people doth not consider."

For the Observer and Commonwealth.
THE LORD'S PRAYER.
First Petition—"Our Father."
IV.—THE SONSHIP OF BELIEVERS.

"Our Father" teaches the sonship of believers and that they should address and think of God as Father. This is a precious truth and yet few, if any of the systems of theology make it specially prominent. We do not think that there is or can be any other than two systems of theology, the Calvinistic and Wesleyan, the former beginning with God, the latter with man. All others must be comprehended in these two, and if held as separate systems they are only patchwork whose parts are hung together without a support on which to fasten the whole. And even the Wesleyan stands on nothing. Grant its premise, or its foundation, the absolute freedom of the creature, and logically it will form a system that leaves the sinner just at an infinite distance from God, so far from him that he cannot touch him. There can be there no intercourse between God and the creature, much less can the creature claim to be a son. But this premise is the very thing that cannot be granted. It has no existence. Hence that system is like the Irishman's kettle—without a bottom. The Calvinistic system by making God its starting point has a bottom and a foundation no less solid than eternal truth. Hence step by step it approaches man and logically finds him "clay in the hands of the potter." God is the Sovereign Architect, the sinner is the material with which he builds. As a system it appears at first view somewhat cold, but it gets warmer as we contemplate its foundation, the Sovereignty of God, which is the rule of love. Yet this system, as also the Wesleyan, holds the sonship of believers in less prominence than some other doctrines that we consider of less importance.

It is true, and we rejoice in it, that God is a Creator, and a King, and a Judge; but it is not true that he is these separated from his fatherly character. He is the Parental Creator, and the Parental King, and the Parental Judge.

If the chiefest of parables teaches anything, it is that the sinner has to come, not to a Prophet, or Priest, or King, or Judge, but to a Father. And this model prayer of the Savior sets God forth only as a Father. Look at the contrast in approaching a King and approaching a Father. In the case of the former we must have on the livery of the court; we must be introduced by one of the highest officials: we must stand in the presence of the Sovereign as a poor subject or foreigner, unable to speak or act freely: bowing and scraping and exchanging the cold formalities of court; glad to get away again to be free to breathe the pure air and sunshine of heaven. In coming to a Father how great is the change. We may be in rags; we are going home: the Father is waiting and watching for us. In the distance he sees us, he runs to meet us, we fall on his bosom and rest in a father's love. There is nothing of the strangeness or formality of the

court; all is affection, home, sympathy, freedom. Thank God, Christ has taught us that this is the sinner's true relation to God, and that in coming to him we are not coming to a King who may take no note of our circumstances or petitions. We are not coming to a Priest to have him intercede for us; we are not coming to a Prophet merely to reveal things to us, or to a Judge to condemn us, but to a Father, loving, sympathizing, forgiving.

Thin the plain teaching of scripture that we are in *deed* and in *truth* children of God; believers are "born again"—born not of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of the Spirit of God. The second birth is as much a fact as the first birth. It is a *new begetting*. Not by our will or power, but by that of God. Believers, then, are children by birth, not by any legalism or judicialism as adoption, or a successful probation of six months of morality. It is not first heirs, then children; but first children, then heirs—heirs as the necessary and natural result of being children. If I am a child by nature there is no need that I should be one by adoption. By nature I have all the rights that I can possibly have by adoption. A child can be made heir to another man's property by adoption, but it can never be made that man's child. Christ was not made a son by adoption, or probation, he was generated; and yet believers are said to be *joint heirs* with Him. How joint? It is not by the union of a judicial declaration on the part of the sinner and a birth on the part of Christ. It is joint by its being a birth in both cases, Christ generated, the believer regenerated, begotten again by the Spirit of God. Hence the believer, by his second birth, has a right to a share in all the possessions of God. This leaves no room for a doctrine of probation or adoption. The word translated "adoption" is composed of words, the one meaning son and other to place, to constitute. Hence correctly means *sonship*, to be constituted a son. Wherefore God hath predestinated believers to *sonship*, not "to the adoption of children," as it is badly translated. (Eph. 1: 5.) So God has given believers not "the spirit of adoption," but "the spirit of *sonship*, whereby they cry *Abba, Father!*" An adopted child has not the spirit of *sonship*—the affection of a natural child; it cannot in truth cry, "Father!" It is only the child *begotten*, that from the depths of its heart—from the instinctive spirit of its nature, can cry "Father!" And it is the privilege of believers to have the spirit in the Spirit of Christ, not in other spirit not another nature. If the spirit of a believer's nature is changed and satisfied; but "adoption" or "probation" does not affect the nature or character, but only the judicial or legal relation. All that these can mean is secure regeneration, and secured in the true and dearer way. I make these remarks, not because I dislike the doctrine of adoption, but because I think these are the plain facts of Scripture and common sense, of which two things—two theologies appear to lack much. I want to stand related to God, not as a child of another nature, by law or by birth; but as His own child be.

His Spirit, and made heir, as the apostle teaches, by my relatives as a child.

First "children, then heirs: heirs of God, and *joint heirs* with Jesus Christ."

So believers are the born children of God, the natural heirs with Jesus Christ. God is their Father and Jesus Christ is their elder brother. From this relation flows all that is grand and glorious to believers. Regeneration excludes "adoption" and "probation." Now for a few practical thoughts.

NORMAN.

THE SOURCE OF PULPIT POWER.

A writer in an exchange, improved with the wonderful power exerted by the Rev. John Hall, D. D., of New York, has been studying this question: "How does he do it?" and gives the following answer—

He surely has enough of the "physical basis." Never were the gown and cassock, to which he still adheres, or which still adhere to him, more amply filled. He is almost large enough to fill your idea of Fenn, the Irish giant. But he is not a bit terrible. It is as though Mount Blanc were crowned with sunny meadows, for this is surely the kindest of faces that is above the great frame. How could the fairy stories represent giants as having terrible voices? Surely, there is none kindler than the speech of this great Irish doctor.

His words distil as the dew. His tender sympathy is felt from the beginning. His own soul is full—brimming full—of the truth he preaches. He has just one great, masterful source of power. It is what men call "unction." That is to say, he does not preach doctrine as though it were a briar-hedge,

intended to pierce all who are without; nor does he use texts of Scripture as a *bludgeon* to hurl at his antagonists. What you feel is, that this great man loves with his great soul the things that he preaches, that they are his life, that he utters them with a grand and simple joy. We sat and listened to his exposition of one of the Messianic psalms, and we forgot to watch him critically any longer. As he went on talking of the Messiah in his great, child-like way, we did not, could not, criticise either his methods or the correctness of his exegesis. It may have been right or wrong; but we floated out on the tide of Christian sympathy on which the preacher bore us; we were critic no longer, we worshipped him, and said, "My Lord and my God."

For the Observer and Commonwealth.

THE BRINCHED REED AND SMOKING FLAX.

Thoughts for Trembling Believers.

Owing to a peculiarity of mental constitution, combined with physical causes, a certain class of believers seem to be often camping in Bochim, the place of weeping. With a feeble hope, which, weak though it be, is perhaps the growth of sad experience: some Christians, even while standing upon the Rock of Ages, are ever passing through the deep waters and with a trembling faith are continually crying with tears, Lord save us. With them the light of faith has ever burned with a fitful flame. Theirs has not been the experience of one who has been suddenly smitten by convictions of sin, and with intense mental agony having groaned out a faithful cry for mercy, have at once seen the light of the Saviour's face and joyfully greeted the flaming light of a new horn of life. "STRIVE, AGONIZE, to enter in at the strait gate." Why should one so strive? "For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." The striving required in the case is illustrated by a reference to the Isthmian games. In writing to the Church at Corinth, in allusion to those games, which were held on the Isthmus on which that city stands, he says, "So run that ye may obtain."

In those games, there was a prize to be won; a wreath of palm which was burned with a steady blaze. On the contrary, under the operation of the Spirit this class have perhaps been very gradually brought to a sense of their sin, and when they finally became aware of their lost condition, they clung with tearful eyes to the cross of Christ. The new born life was perhaps manifest to every one else before they saw it. Such persons are often of very sensitive and retiring disposition. Dwelling in an atmosphere of tears, they weep alone, choosing rather to allow the shadow to rest upon their hearts than to tear away the veil of secrecy and expose the wound to the touch of an intruder's hand. They are found following Jesus weeping, and although in Christ is their only hope of salvation they never cease weeping to believe that they are saved.

Believers of this class are often even morbidly conscientious. Carefully discharging every Christian duty, they grow in grace, yet the fruits that are seen by others are seldom felt by the tree that bears them; and if they rejoice it is with a trembling joy that is akin to sorrow. To this class the Great Physician has left a precious promise in Is. 42:3; and should any such sorrowing one doubt the adaptation of the text to his case we refer him to Matt. 12:19-20, where the passage is repeated and quoted from Isaiah in the following connection. The Pharisees had gone forth to hold a council against Christ to destroy him. But when Jesus knew it, he withdrew himself from them, and as he healed the great multitudes that followed him, charged them that they should not make him known. A reason for this injunction is stated below where it is said "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet saying, 'Behold, my servant whom I have chosen, my beloved in whom I am well pleased' * * * * * 'He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall he not break and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.'

In this race a preparation is necessary as in the Isthmian race. In these the athletic prepared themselves by dieting, exercise, temperance, &c. So we must lay aside every weight and the sin which lust so easily beset us—we must disunite belief and the care of this world; yea, we must " forsake" all our sinful "ways" and "thoughts," if we would win heavenly glory. It was not sufficient that a Grecian ran well for a while in order to win, he must be first at the goal. Likewise he must "run with patience the race that is set before us." The Galatian Christians failed here; they ran "well for a while" only. The Saviour speaks of a certain class of hearers, "who, for a while, believe," and then fall away: but we must persevere to the end. "Be thou faithful unto death," and then comes the crown of life.

The Grecian athlete ran with all their might. They strained every nerve and taxed every muscle to the highest degree, and sped their way to the appointed goal. Paul did this; so must we, "forgetting those things which are behind," says he, "and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I run toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "Whosoever thou haud findest to do, do it with all thy might," &c. "We must labor to enter into that rest." Multitudes from all Greece and from the surrounding states, witnessed the Grecian contests with much interest. Paul mentioned this circumstance to induce a greater diligence on our part, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," &c. Moses and the prophets, Christ and His apostles, and the whole host of Christian martyrs are holding us in full survey. Yea, heaven, earth, and hell, are looking on with intense interest while we run, and let us "quit ourselves like men." Those who ran in the Isthmian races, were not crowned till they had successfully finished their race; then they were filled with joy and gladness amid the congratulations of their friends and fellow citizens, while bearing away the emblem of victory.

Paul enjoyed the assurance of the prize in anticipation, and so may every true believer. "For I am now ready to be offered (he says) and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a

good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith, henceforth there is a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day, and not me only, but unto all them also who love his appearing." Oh, what an eternal career of progress, perfection, and glory will there be set before us in the heavenly state in our Father's house.

N. S.

For the Observer and Commonwealth.

The Brinched Reed and Smoking Flax. Thoughts for Trembling Believers.

Owing to a peculiarity of mental constitution, combined with physical causes, a certain class of believers seem to be often camping in Bochim, the place of weeping. With a feeble hope, which, weak though it be, is perhaps the growth of sad experience: some Christians, even while standing upon the Rock of Ages, are ever passing through the deep waters and with a trembling faith are continually crying with tears, Lord save us. With them the light of faith has ever burned with a fitful flame. Theirs has not been the experience of one who has been suddenly smitten by convictions of sin, and with intense mental agony having groaned out a faithful cry for mercy, have at once seen the light of the Saviour's face and joyfully greeted the flaming light of a new horn of life. "STRIVE, AGONIZE, to enter in at the strait gate." Why should one so strive? "For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." The striving required in the case is illustrated by a reference to the Isthmian games. In writing to the Church at Corinth, in allusion to those games, which were held on the Isthmus on which that city stands, he says, "So run that ye may obtain."

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W. D. M.

WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

There cannot be a symmetrical growth of Christian character without sympathy and intercourse with the poor, especially the poorer brethren. What Christ did so much of, must surely form a part of our duty. One of his last and most significant lessons to his disciples, that of washing their feet and commanding them "so to wash one another's feet," was not so much to teach humility in the ordinary sense of the word, as to impress upon them a sense of willingness to do even the most lowly and troublesome service for each other. By nature we stand aloof from each other, and try to slip the nose of every menial office. But Christ came to reveal a love which must sacrifice ease, carelessness, and selfishness, to do kindesses, and to perform even the lowliest services, if need be, for our brethren and each other.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filial,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the minute delicate threads
Of our curious life-asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

A Blessed Intimacy.

A friend once asked Professor Franke how he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day," replied Franke. "Wherever I am, whatever I do, 'Blessed Jesus,' I say, 'have I a share in thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by thy Spirit? Renew me; strengthen me.' By this constant intercourse with Jesus, I enjoy serenity of mind and a settled peace of soul?"

MEDITATING ON THE TRUTH.

"I find it exceedingly difficult to keep my attention fixed, or to get my heart suitably affected, in reading and meditating upon truths which have become obvious and familiar by daily study: but there are times, when I find that while I try to muse on the subject, a fire as it were kindles, and contemplation terminates in adoring gratitude and admiring love. . . . I have found it advantageous sometimes to read the Scriptures with such exactness as to weigh every expression, and its connections, as if I were about to preach on every verse; and then to apply the results to my own case, character, experience and conduct, as if it had been directly addressed to me—not as a new promise or revelation, but as a message containing warning, caution, re

Home Circle.

WHOSE AM I?
"Tis a point I long to know;
Of it I cause anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

Mourner, why these anxious fears?
Wherefore should you doubtful be?
Christ, thine advocate, appears—
He died instead of thee;
His punishment has borne—
Look to Jesus!—Cease to mourn!

"If I love, why am I thus?
Why this cold, this lifeless frame?
They can be worse,
Who have never heard His name."

Frames and feelings fluctuate;
These thy Saviour never can;
May oft avert;
Learn thyself in Christ to see;
Then be feelings what they will,
Jesus is thy Saviour still!"

PRAYER WITHOUT CEASING.

A sailor who had been long absent from his native country, returned home, flushed with money. Coming to London, where he had never been before, he resolved to gratify himself with the sights of whatever was remarkable. Among other places, he visited St. Paul's. It happened to be at the time of divine service. When carelessly passing, he heard the words, "Pray without ceasing," uttered by the minister, without having any impression made on his mind by them. Having satisfied his curiosity in London, he returned to his marine pursuits, and continued at sea for seven years, without any remarkable occurrence in his history.

One fine evening, when the air was still, the breeze gentle, the heavens serene, and the ocean calm, he was walking the deck, with his feelings soothed by the pleasing aspect of nature, when, all on a sudden, darted on his mind the words, "Pray without ceasing." "Pray without ceasing?" "What words can these be?" he exclaimed. "I think I have heard them before, where could it be?" After a pause— "Oh, it was at St. Paul's in London: the minister read them from the Bible. What! and do the Scriptures say, 'Pray without ceasing'?" Oh, what a match I must be to have lived so long without praying at all!" God, who at first caused him to hear this, again in his ear, now caused it to ring up in a way, at a time, and with power peculiarly his own. The poor fellow now found the lightning of conviction flash on his conscience—the horrors of the law shake his heart—and the great deep of destruction threatens to swallow him up. Now he tried for the first time to pray; but it was not well. "Oh," said he, "I had a Bible or some good book!" He rummaged his chest, when, in a corner, he espied a Bible which his anxious mother had, twenty years before, placed in his chest, but which, till now, he never opened. He snatched it up, to his breast, then read, wept, prayed; he believed, and became a new man.

THE DEACON AND THE MILLER.

"Come," said the deacon to the miller, "what are you going to subscribe towards our meeting-house? I'm round, you know, for subscriptions; and I take it you are glad, for the sake of your growing family, that there's a prospect of our having a church and all the blessings that come in the wake of a church."

"Why, yes, I suppose I am, or ought to be," answered the miller; "but building a church is a great undertaking. Hadn't we better wait till we get more forehand?"

"Can't afford to wait till then," said the deacon, "for nobody would ever get forehand enough for that. The master has been up before the people for some time, and they pretty generally have mind for the work. You've bought it all over, I dare say. How much, neighbor, shall I put your name on for?"

"Well, I reckon I'll think more. We've lived so long without a meeting-house, we needn't hurry. I've got an expensive family, you know, and must look a little forward. However, I'll buy a pew when 'tis done."

"Ah, neighbor, I see how it is," said the deacon gravely. "Mind ye: when you grind your corn, don't give the flour to the devil and the bran to God!"

The little church was built, no thanks to the miller. But his lukewarmness and evil forebodings of the matter so chilled his family, that they felt no interest in taking a pew when it was done and a sale of the pews took place. However, the brave little band of men and women who did build it, laying every stone and rearing every rafter in faith and prayer and self-sacrifice, were owned and blessed of God. He sent His Spirit down upon their sons and their daughters, and there was a great spiritual gathering into the little church with gladness and great joy.

Again the deacon called upon the miller. "Well, neighbor," said the deacon, "I want you to come to our meetings; they are good."

"I don't know about so much meeting-going," said the miller gruffly. "Religion don't all consist in meetings, I reckon."

"No," said the deacon; "but a person who loves religion will love to go to the house of God."

"That's not certain," returned the miller shortly.

"You believe in religion, don't you, neighbor?" asked the deacon.

"Of course, and I intend to serve

God before I die. As soon as I can ease off from such a power of work on hand, I mean to 'teud to the business of religion, I and my family," said the miller with an air of dignity.

"Ah, neighbor," said the deacon, "see to it that 'when you grind your corn, you don't give the flour to the devil and the bran to God,' as too many folks do to their own undoing."

Time passed on, bringing cares and crosses to the miller. His sons troubled him; his wife died; his affairs went wrong. To make bad matters worse, he took to drink, and after a while his mill and grist went for debt. A little farther on, and he died a drunkard's death: his wild, hard, spendthrift sons scattering to parts unknown."

H. C. K.

The Memories of Childhood.

Make it pleasant and joyous for your children to remember the days of their early childhood. Grant them in their infancy every innocent pleasure, without fostering the spirit of self indulgence.

We have often felt our tempers rise, to see how carelessly their little plans are thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part, would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime. Don't think a child a hopeless case, because it betrays some very bad habits. Sympathize with them, that sympathy may strengthen and invigorate them to bear with firmness the trials they meet.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—it is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mur—
The good we might do here!

Speak gently to the little child;
It's love to sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one.
Grive not the care-worn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor.
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so:—
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave His life
To mend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them: "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well:
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

HOW TO BE CHARITABLE.

"Sarah Simmons is charitable," said our sister to another as they sat and sewed. "If every visit to the poor could be around in her ladder to heaven, I am sure she would climb high."

"I should pride myself upon it, I am afraid," said the other, "if I did half the self-denying work she does."

"If it is Christian to pride one's self on anything," remarked uncle Henry, looking up from his writing desk.

"Yes, uncle Henry; but how can one help being pretty well satisfied with one's self who spends so much time among the poor as Sarah Simmons does? If I were as charitable as she is, I should think I was fit to be a saint."

"Then I'm afraid it would not be Christian charity," answered uncle Henry. "If we give but a cup of cold water to the humblest of our brethren, it should be done in Christ's name. And perhaps the need of our remembrance is greater than we are apt to imagine. There is something so delightful in kindness, so exceedingly sweet in the consciousness of having done good to others, and in receiving the return of their grateful love, that I am afraid our charity is very often un-sanctified. We think only of our suffering fellow-men, without remembering who it is that presents himself, in their persons, to plead for our love: we do not see enough of Christ in those who need our charity; we do not see enough of God in our ability to relieve them.

What watchful, faithful care will be required at our hands.

What wisdom will be needed, that our teachings may mingle strength and tenderness—and that the principles which are to determine the character and secure the happiness of mature life, may have a strong and durable foundation.

With what vigilance must we hold our own passions in check, and so regulate our daily walk and conversation, that the unspoken lessons of our example may give strength to precept, and indelibly impress a reverence for what-ever is true and good.

How constantly we need the aid of the Holy Spirit that our hearts may faint not—and our intelligence falter not in the performance of a duty whose consequences are infinite.

"I don't see how that is," said both girls at once.

"It is evil to others," continued uncle Henry, "because, thinking that whatever kindness we show we had a right not to show, we soon become satisfied with what we do, and even indulge sometimes perhaps in a little ill-humor and neglect on the strength of what we have done.

"The harm to ourselves is, that forgetting our Master, what he has done for us, and what he asks of us, we compare ourselves with ourselves, and then are easily enough contented with our progress. Little things become magnified when the scale is so minute; we are pleased with our good qualities, when, should we try our hearts and motives by Christ's law, we should find

how little room there is for self satisfaction, for we should quickly see how much more of selfishness we have than love; in a word, how little goodness there is within to please our vanity or fatter our pride."

REPROVED BY A CHILD.

It was Saturday night, and I sat with baby on my bosom, and a book in my hands, so absorbed in its interesting pages that the numerous cares which had been circling around me were forgotten. My little boy of four years came from the bathing-room, and dropping on his knees before me, commenced his evening prayer. I knew that he had entered my chamber, and was half conscious of the object of his kneeling position, and yet so absorbed was my mind in the book, that it was not diverted therefrom until the little brown head was raised, and two large blue eyes looked solemnly up, while in a slow tone, all weighty with reproach, he said, "Do you know that I am praying to God, mother?"

I dropped the book, laid my hand upon the bowed head, and holding the little clasped hands as usual, listened with a humble spirit, while my little son lisped forth, "Our Father." When he had kissed "good-night" and gone to his pillow, there was a shade of sadness in my heart, and it had no relish for the volume before me: for my thoughts dwelt upon the inattention of myself and others when prayer is offered to heaven. How often at the family altar, at the prayer meeting, and Sabbath worship, while one is voice for many, does the mind wander, and few, very few, heart desires rise up with the offered petition.

"Do you know that I am praying to God?" Reader, may not those reproofing words of a little child sometimes strike with force across your heart? Sometimes be a "flaming sword" to turn back your wandering thoughts, and direct them to Him who requireth heart worship! Happy for us if we so "apply our hearts" as not to deserve the reproof which fell from sacred lips: "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me!"—Household Reading.

Doing God's Will,
Do little things as if they were great, because of the majesty of the Lord Jesus Christ, who dwells in 'hee'; and do great things as if they were little and easy, because of His omnipotence.—Pascal.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"Papa, if I do all you tell me to do, will you love me and let me go to heaven?" It was thus that my little boy of seven summers questioned me—abruptly, without warning, without premeditation on my part.

What answer could I give? I looked upon his young face and saw the earnest, thoughtful waiting for a reply which should satisfy alike the craving of his affection and the promptings of his conscience.

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SOUTHERN MUTUAL

LIFE

INSURANCE CO.

OF KENTUCKY,

Merchants' Bank I Main Street,

LOUISVILLE,

Cash Capital and Assets over Half a Million Dollars.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

SOUTHERN MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE CO. PAN. 1870.

CASH ASSETS

Cash of Louisville Bond 6,276.69

City of Louisville Bond 21,900.00

Lou. and Nash. Railroad 6,219.00

Lou. City and Lexington R. 70.00

Stocks, &c. 70.00

Accrued Interest on Bonds and other Investments 128.53

Bills receivable secured by on Real Estate, Bonds and other Investments 175.73 32

Individual Accounts 848.46

Furniture 2,553.93

Deferred Premiums 7,273.28

Premiums in hands and in course of Collection 30,819.37

and in course of Collection 529,926.80

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock 191,500.00

All other Liabilities 3,576.14

Losses unpaid None

Surplus, including reserve 334,850.66

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News from the Churches.

Death of Rev. Dr. Kingsbury.—The Southern Presbyterian brings the sad news of the death of the venerable Dr. Kingsbury. He died on the 27th ult. Next week, it says, we shall publish the Rev. Allan Wright's letter, which brings us the melancholy intelligence.

Death of Rev. J. F. Watson.—The Rev. John Franklin Watson died in Princeton, Arkansas, on the 8th ult., of consumption. The deceased was a son of the Rev. S. L. Watson, the venerable pastor of Bethel church in South Carolina. In the early part of the winter he was attacked with typhoid fever, which completely prostrated him and prepared the way for the development of the insidious disease that terminated his life. His death was quiet, peaceful and happy. His last words were "Jesus is with me."

Degree Conferred.—The degree of D. L. has been conferred upon the Rev. Thos. R. Welch, of Little Rock, Ark., by Centre College, Ky.

Rev. James R. Gilland. late of Camden, Ark., has taken charge of the church at Palmyra, Missouri, at which point correspondents will please address him.

Rev. C. S. M. See's post office address is changed from Fishersville, Va., to Philippi, Barbour county, West Virginia.

Mr. Wm. M. Ingram. has been licensed as a probationer for the ministry by the Presbytery of the Western District, Tenn. Mr. Ingram has received and accepted an invitation to supply the church at La Grange, Ga., which was rendered vacant by the death of the lamented Dr. W. M. Cunningham.

Mr. John J. Reed. has been licensed as a probationer for the ministry by the Presbytery of Mississippi. Mr. Reed is a member of the last Middle Class in the Columbia Theological Seminary, to which he expects to return in September. He is supplying the churches of Catholic and Pleasant Grove, in Bethel Presbytery, during the summer.

Rev. J. B. Shearer's post office address, since his connection with Stewart College, has been changed to Clarksville, Tenn., from Black Walnut, Virginia. Correspondents will please note the change.

Grenada, Miss.—The Rev. C. R. Smith has accepted an invitation to supply the church at Grenada, Miss. His post office has been changed from Treutou, La., to Grenada, Miss.

Abingdon Presbytery. held a called meeting at Dublin, Va., July 8th, and received from Roanoke Presbytery Rev. J. M. Kirkpatrick. Mr. Kirkpatrick, with great acceptance to his people, commenced his labors, about two months since, in the churches of which Rev. Mr. Ewing was lately pastor. G. C. Painter, son of Rev. Father Painter, who for many years was the leading Presbyterian minister of this section, was received under care of Presbytery.

Second Church, Covington, Ky.—This new church in Covington, opposite Cincinnati, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. F. P. Mullaly, is meeting with a fair degree of encouragement. At the recent communion there were fifteen additions to its membership, six of whom were by letter from the Church in connection with the Northern Assembly, of which Rev. Dr. Worrall is pastor.

James Island and Harmony Churches, S. C.—The churches on the coast of South Carolina, which were so terribly desolated during the war, are continually growing, under the labors of the evangelist, Rev. J. B. Mack. On the 19th ult. two ruling elders and two deacons were ordained in the James Island Church—the former charge of the Rev. John Douglas. On the 26th ult., six persons were received into the newly organized Harmony Church, on the profession of their faith. On the 3d inst., Mr. C. J. C. Hutton was ordained as ruling elder in Stony Creek church. The same day, fourteen adults were admitted and received into the Salem (colored) church.

Nucleus of a Presbyterian Church.—A correspondent of the Southern Presbyterian says that there are seven members in New Harmony church (East Alabama Presbytery) living in and near Mantua, a flourishing little village in Collin County. He hopes that this information may lead to the organization of a church at that place, or at least prevent this little band from being overlooked by the Presbytery of Central Texas and its evangelist. Are there not many other points which furnish starting points for the organization of Presbyterian churches?

Frotherer for the Ministry.—At a late meeting of the Tuscaloosa Presbytery (Alabama) Mr. John S. Moore was duly licensed to preach the Gospel, as a probationer for the ministry. This young brother (says the Eutaw whig,) is a native of Sumter County Ala., who commenced his studies for the ministry before the war, enlisted amongst the first in the Confederate struggle, fought as a soldier until the surrender, resumed his studies, and now about to begin his work as a well-trained minister. His examination was very rigid, but admirably sustained; and he gives promise of great influence.

Death in the Ministry.—Rev. Miles C. Wilson, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Missouri River, and stated supply of the church in Sidney, Fremont co. Ia., was accidentally drowned, near Sidney, on the 15th of June.

Rev. Edward B. Allen. who was formerly a member of the Presbytery of Albany, and some years since united with the Episcopal Church, where he has since preached, has now returned to the Presbytery and resumed his former relations to it.

Rev. A. P. Putnam. a prominent Unitarian minister, said, in speaking of Christ in the course of a sermon a few Sabbath's since in Brooklyn, N. Y. "It is bondage to accept him as a spiritual authority. He and his religion, being both imperfect, must both perish, in order that a better faith may possess the world. The free soul must break with the church, with the Christ, and with the Bible, and live alone in the Spirit." What but the raukest in fidelity can be the fruit of such teaching?

Rev. J. M. Wise. a leading Jewish minister in Cincinnati, O., delivered a few days since an oration on the "Dignity of Man," at Columbus, Ohio, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of a new Jewish Temple in that city. The stoue was laid with Masonic ceremonies in the presence of Gov. Hays, the city officials and several thousand spectators.

Jeremy Taylor said: "from David learn to give thanks in everything. Every rurrow in that book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanksgiving."

Presbyterians vs. Baptists.—The Presbyter General Assembly and the Baptist Missionary Union, recently in session in Philadelphia, held one day a fraternal meeting; and one of the speakers said the occasion reminded him of a stanza in a well known hymn:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,
Foto the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

Young Men's Christian Association.—The annual report of the Young Men's Christian Association Executive Committee, made at the Indianapolis convention, gives the following statistics: There are now 773 associations on this continent, 178 having been organized last year. About one-half of these have reported; 261 report their expenses for the year at \$293,400; 118 report the number of the volumes in their libraries as 103,889; 287 report 50,901 members; 52 report daily prayer-meetings; 11 report Bible-classes; 57 report open-air services, and 9 report services; 2,227 conversions are reported.

The receipts of the American Home Missionary Society during the year amounted to \$283, 102—larger by \$35,000 than ever before received.

The Rev. Andrew Cameron. one of the Free Church ministers of Forfarshire, Scotland, has received a call from Melbourn, to settle there as colleague and successor to the Rev. Dr. Cairns, an Australian minister of eminent. The Church is one of great influence.

MEMORIAL OF A RULING ELDER.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Tuscaloosa, at Eutaw, on the 15th of June, the following minute was adopted, as a tribute to the memory of Capt. RICHARD T. NOTT, a highly esteemed ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, and ordered to be published.

With a profound sense of our loss, and with sentiments of affection and honoring regard, we record upon our minutes the death of our co-preserved, Captain Richard T. Nott, who was born at Saybrook, Conn., in June, 1793; graduated at Yale College in 1818; removed to Virginia in 1820; to South Carolina in 1822, and thence to Alabama in 1834, where he resided till his death—October 26th, 1869.

Few men have been so universally honored and loved, or have left a purer or nobler record. Though remarkably unobtrusive and free from ambition, his pre-eminent worth could not fail to be widely appreciated. With an intellect clear and strong, admirably trained, well-stored with varied knowledge, refined by the best culture, and singularly balanced; with a pleasing person, and manners at once dignified, gentle, and courteous; and with a disposition amiable, generous, and kind, and yet pre-eminently candid, honest, firm, and true to principle, he possessed qualifications suited to give him the widest popularity and influence, and which, had he been fired with ambition, would have raised him to exalted positions in the State. This is proved by the powerful influence he wielded in the smaller circle which he chose, and of which he was a shining ornament and influence acknowledged by all classes, and always exerted for good. His justice, kindness, and generosity, his elegant hospitality, his public spirit, his prudent counsels, his faithful friendships, his spotless purity of character, and his extended usefulness, will live long in the affectionate remembrance of many.

We can say all this as his acquaintances, neighbors, and friends. But it is our peculiar privilege to speak of him as our beloved Christian brother and co-laborer in the Church of God.

In 1830, in the very vigor of early manhood and in the very midst of earthly success, he was born again of the Spirit, and at once brought all his noble gifts and acquirements and laid them down at the foot of the cross. For twenty-nine years he was a ruling elder of Bethlehem church, which he served cheerfully and faithfully with his best powers, his time, his substance, and his open and decided influence. Surely, if, as the word of God declares, the elder who rules well is worthy of double honor, we as a Presbytery will cheerfully add our testimony to that of all the members of that church, who, at the mention of his name, will rise up and call him blessed. We thank them for choosing him as their ruling elder, as he thereby became a member of this body, and we were thus permitted to enjoy not only his genial companionship, but the matured fruits of his richly-furnished mind and of his noble Christian heart.

He was very often a delegate to our sessions, which he attended and aided with a punctuality, zeal, and industry, which were a powerful aid to our proceedings and an example most worthy of imitation. He took a deep interest in every part of our work, and was always prompt and earnest to promote our success. He was a hearty and faithful laborer in this part of the Lord's vineyard. It would be difficult to describe to others, but those who knew him, remember with gratitude to God, his singular excellencies and usefulness as a counsellor in our deliberations. His practical wisdom, his clear and correct discernment, his sound judgment, his freedom from extremes and extravagances, his ability to unravel difficulties and reconcile

apparently conflicting claims, the straightforwardness of his views, and with all his simple, ardent, and evident zeal for the Church, made him a most invaluable co-preserved, and one whose usefulness cannot end with his life. Being dead, he yet speaketh. Our fervent prayer is that his mantle may fall upon one or more whom God calls to this important function.

The Master was kind in giving and wise in removing our dear brother from these scenes of usefulness. He has other work to do, in a nobler sphere, and with even more exalted capacities. He trained him here for that higher work, first by the trust committed to him in the Church, and then by most painful and wearisome sufferings on his sick bed in an illness of more than two years' duration. That experience of trial opened to his soul brighter and happier views of Christ and his salvation than he had ever before enjoyed, expanded his knowledge of divine truth, strengthened every Christian grace, and thus wrought out for him that far more exceeding and eternal weight of joy which he has now gone to inherit.

C. A. STILLMAN,
Stated Clerk.

Religious Miscellany.

RETURNING SENSE OF JUSTICE.

It is with pleasure that we bring to the notice of our readers the following act of justice on the part of the Northern Methodist Church. May this be the beginning of a general restoration to the Southern Churches of their property violently and wickedly wrested from them by the north.

We trust Jacksonville, Shelbyville, Danville, and similar cases, will not be overlooked by the Northern Presbyterian Church, when it begins its acts of retribution and its withdrawal of suits for property not belonging to it.

Such a course would pay the way for correspondence and embassies of love as hardly anything else would. Our Methodist brethren, like ourselves, cannot understand tender words of affection dropping from the honeyed lips of those who have ruthlessly torn their property from them and still hold it in their clutching hands. Let us take that recorded in the following paragraph become common, and then we can all see that sincerity may be prompting the words of affection and regard:

"The Methodist church building in Jonesboro, Tennessee, which has been occupied by the ministers of the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church since 1865, and for the recovery of which the Church South instituted suit in chancery, has been voluntarily surrendered to its owners, and will henceforth be occupied by them."

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

A correspondent sends us the following letter from a Presbyterian clergyman to the Editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer in reply to the argument of a Universalist which recently appeared in that paper:

To the Editor of the Enquirer:

So much space having been given this morning in your paper to an advocate of one side of the question, touching future punishment, I hope you will not refuse a small portion of your columns to one who desires to defend the other.

The main argument of Mr. Spaulding's sermon may be thus briefly stated: A doctrine concerning the future life which the human heart, with the light we now have, revolts from, cannot be true.

But our hearts revolt from the Evangelical doctrine of future punishment because we are unable to see how we could be happy in heaven with the knowledge that those now dear to us are in perdition.

Therefore, the Evangelical doctrine, &c.

This simple statement of the gentleman's premises is sufficient to show that his conclusion is gratuitous. Let it be added that if God can be happy himself while his creatures are suffering, He can impart to us enough of his own light and of his own character to insure our happiness also in eternal perdition.

Now, before presenting a brief statement of the positive argument let me call the reader's attention to the fact that probability is the guide of life. In practical questions we must not look for demonstrative evidence. If there is a probability, however slight, that pursuing a certain course we shall incur an certainty of suffering, we are, in the eyes of common prudence, under a tremendous, an infinite, obligation to desist from that course. He who should disregard the slightest probability that an attempt is to be made to-night to burn his house and should quietly retire to rest without exercising any precaution to secure his property and the lives committed to his care, would be deemed a fool or a monstrosity.

Let me also add, that there is a law of the mind known as the law of continuance, and that one expects any change without knowing that an adequate cause will operate to induce it, violates this law.

We believe the sun will rise to-morrow because it has risen every day for many years and we know of nothing to produce a change. The presumption always is in favor of the belief that things will continue as they are. In order to believe that anything will be changed we must be convinced that a cause will operate sufficient to produce the alteration implied.

Confining ourselves now to the teaching of reason and the light of nature, does not the doctrine of unending suffering appear in any degree probable?

The soul suffers in this world. We often see evidences of its sufferings left by the departed spirit on the features of the dead. What we suffer in this life and in the article of death can be reconciled with the perfection of our supreme moral Ruler only by saying that it is necessitated by our relation to the Divine Justice.

It is not true, but grant, for argument's sake, that all the human suffering in the present life is inflicted through the body. Yet this would not help us in the solution of the great moral problem suggested by suffering. The body may be the instrument or channel through which suffering is inflicted, but the ultimate personal cause of suffering must be God himself. What reason is there, then, to believe that the moral relation, which makes suffering necessary here, will not continue in the next life and make suffering necessary there also? If it be answered, "The goodness of God," then I ask, "Why does not the goodness of God prevent suffering now?"

The presumption is that the relation existing and demanding suffering will continue to exist and demand suffering indefinitely.

To this presumption, I have absolutely nothing to say.

Many friends will experience a deep sense of bereavement, when informed of the death

of Mrs. LAURA HARLAN CLEVELAND, consort of the Hon. F. L. Cleveland, of Augusta, Georgia. She was the daughter of the Hon. James Harlan, of Frankfort, and in the society of that cultured people she was long known and cherished. She died of Acute Rheumatism, on the 29th ult.

She had spent a few weeks in Frankfort, watching around the couch of her now sainted mother, whose premonition that this daughter would be the next of the family to follow this life, was fully verified.

Final attendance and nervous exhaustion visited the attack, which soon concentrated on the heart, and reconcile

therefore, under that law of continuance by which we believe the Enquirer will be issued to-morrow because it has been regularly issued for many days past, we would, if left to the light of reason, be led to believe that every soul of man must suffer eternally.

What hope have we then in reference to the dead? None at all, except what we derive from revelation. This teaches that the relation to Divine Justice of those who believe in Christ is, by the operation of his sacrifice, so changed as that justice secures, not their punishment, but their aggrandizement in eternity. But the scriptures also declare that he who believeth not is condemned already.

Future punishment is not a doctrine peculiar to revelation; but a heaven of happiness to be attained only by faith in Jesus Christ is made known by the word of God alone. Yours respectfully,

COVINGTON, July 11, 1870. F. P. M.

THE SABBATH LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

We learn by the *Herald and Presbyterian* that Judge M. A. of Milwaukee, has pronounced the Wisconsin Sunday Law, prohibiting dancing in beer gardens on the Sabbath, unconstitutional. This decision of the learned judge has brought out several papers hitherto non-committal, in defense of the law. "It is one thing to wink at the infraction of the law; but it is a totally different affair when a judge actually asserts that the American people have no right to protect their Sabbath against foreigners—that the claim of liberty of conscience overrides all law."

This decision presents a false issue. No man, not even a heathen, can pretend that his *conscience* requires him to dance in a beer garden on the Sabbath as a religious duty. Such a pretense is monstrous. This is not a question touching the liberty of conscience, but the *right* of protection. Have not the people a right to enact laws by their legislators, to protect them against disturbing annoyances when assembled to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, and in accordance with the precepts of the only religion recognized in the great charter of their rights and liberties?

THE HAWAIIAN JUBILEE.

The Semi-Centennial Jubilee commemorating the introduction of Christianity in the Hawaiian Islands commenced at Honolulu on the 15th of June and was to be continued for one week. The Honolulu *Gazette* gives the following account of the initiatory services:

On Sunday morning Rev. M. Kuane delivered a Semi-Centennial sermon in Hawaiian at Kawaiahae Church, and in the evening Rev. Dr. Damon delivered the Semi-Centennial sermon in English at the Fort-Street Church. On Monday evening Mrs. Thurston gave readings of reminiscences of fifty years ago, at Fort-Street Church to a large audience, which was deeply interested in the recital of the experiences of the venerable lady, who is one of the few remaining of those devoted missionaries who, fifty years ago, landed on these shores and commenced the work of evangelizing this people—a work which they have so gloriously accomplished.

On Tuesday evening Rev. A. Bishop and Mrs. M. P. Whitney were read at the same place.

The *Gazette* describes the jubilee procession composed of clergymen, members of the Legislature, Sunday-schools, citizens, &c., and gives a programme of the various addresses and other public exercises of the occasion.

A collation was given at the close of the exercises to which the King, to show his good will and desire to co-operate, made a right royal donation of ten thousand pounds of poi, twenty hogs, eight sheep, 400 mullet fishes, one bullock, etc.

There were also examinations of schools, missionary meetings, commemoration speeches, and social festivities. The Jubilee, in honor of the greatest event in the history of the Islands, was observed in a spirit worthy of so great an occasion.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, June 1st, 1870, at the residence of the bride's father, Wm. H. R. AMES, of Lenoir, East Tenn., to Miss AMELIA C. BOYD, of Gadsden, Texas.

At the Monumental Church in Richmond, July 1st, by Rev. Dr. Woodbridge HOWARD CRITTENDEN, of San Francisco, Cal., to LUCY C. N., daughter of the late Charles Fisher.

At the residence of the bride in Pulaski Co., Va., on the 6th of July, by the Rev. L. N. Naff, JAMES A. PR

Christian Observer.

Literary and Miscellaneous.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
and Richmond, Va.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1870.
Volume 49—Number 29.

The Observer.

THE OLDEST AND NEWEST EMPIRE.

The following paragraphs are from the introductory chapter of an important work on China and the Chinese, which the National Publishing Company will shortly issue in Cincinnati and Chicago. The subject is one of growing popular interest to our country. We copy from the advance sheets sent to us by the publishers.—Eds.]

The Chinese Empire was planted in the earliest generations after the renovation of the world and of human history, by the Deluge.

Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, have risen and gone; their pride, their wealth, their dominion, all are things of the past.

But the Chinese race is still the same, scarcely tinged by the admixture of others. The primeval religion, customs and literature are still vigorous and fresh. Virtuous examples of their own ancestors who lived four thousand years ago encourage the generation of to-day. School-books prepared by a contemporary of the Jewish prophet Daniel are yet the manuals of the teacher of children. The language is the unchanged monosyllables of the infancy of mankind. The social usages are those which have been made familiar to us in the patriarchal pictures of the book of Genesis. We contemplate, amidst all the ruins Time has wrought elsewhere, such an empire with constant amazement and curiosity. And when we behold at length a change in the wind of time beginning to blow the seeds of this stupendous ripe tree across the waters, so that they are seen taking root in our new virgin soil, the study of its whole character becomes to us a subject of such interest as has few parallel to it. We are the newest, as China is the oldest, empire of the world. Our institutions are but the raw experiments of yesterday. We are only beginning to realize that we have a national life, and that God has formed it for some great commission, the uses of alphabet of which we are just learning to stammer.

The nations of the West boast of their greatness; but how paltry they seem in the eyes of an inhabitant of that venerable empire! Is this pride without foundation? Is alone, in Asia—and many Chinese know this—is equal to the whole of either of the other continents of the world in the number of its people. Bewildering as it is to our ideas, there can be no just exception taken to the computation which makes its population to amount to one-fourth of the entire family of man. It stands first of all existing nations in agricultural productiveness, first in some important manufactures, first in the sum of the wealth of its subjects, living to one who can bribe his mind to incite what the statements on one side seem almost a wall of itself—a world which, like those strange binary stars which revolve about each other and communicate mutual powerful influences, but are each a distinct sun, have moved in all time, strangely connected with, yet separate from, the world of our ancestry and history.

Interesting as China may be to the other nations of the world, it is related to ours and to our continent by ties far closer than to any others. The first and the last find themselves most nearly allied.

Religious Dispensations.

We speak of two dispensations—the Hebrew and the Christian; we speak of the Mosaic law as distinct from that taught by our Lord and his apostles; and we utterly ignore the long race of patriarchs from Adam to Abraham, or rather Moses, who worshipped God in spirit and in truth according to light given them directly by God himself. I think that we speak wrongly here. There are really three dispensations: The first, the most ancient, patriarchal, from Adam and Noah to Abraham and to Moses; the second, the middle, Hebrew, or Mosaic, from Moses to the time of our Saviour; and third, the present, that of Christ and his apostles. The Hebrew was as a bridge between the two: religion, which had been as wide-spread as the race of man, was narrowed down to one nation, thrown as a bridge across a time of darkness and danger, to be again expanded by our Lord's followers and to again as broad as humanity itself. Yet the new is surely a true revival of the old, expanded and developed, merging the middle one into it and then all becoming one.

The whole world was on one side under Adam and Noah. All the world will be on the other under Christ and the apostles. The Hebrew system stood between, uniting both, and yet in many respects distinct from either. Now this distinctiveness of the Hebrews has followed our employment of the African race; as they may prove useful in developing the resources of the western portion of the continent, and elevating it to a full level with the eastern portion; and as they may modify our institutions and possibly even our form of government.

The Christian must watch with deepest concern the infusion of new, subtle and powerful elements of religious error and forms of vice amidst the more bold and unregulated mind of our nation. And the man who waits for the consolation of the Israel of the latter

days must praise God for the new form which His almighty power has given to the immense work of regenerating the continent of Asia, through the multitudes of its people to be brought hither, enlightened with Christianity and returned to it again. Taken in whatever aspect we will, the coming of the Chinese to America is excellent in importance by no other event since the discovery of the New World. It is one of the impulses, beyond all human conception or management, by which God is moving the history of mankind onward to its great consummation.

THE HEBREW COMMONWEALTH.

Look on the race of man and behold what ruins, especially in that which he has fondly hoped would live the longest, I mean national life and government. Still the work of Moses stands; the Hebrew nation obeying his laws still exists, and though disintegrated as a nation, separated by time and country, exposed to every agency of destruction, living by sufferance in the midst of bitter enemies, trampled on, scorned, trodden under foot, banished, proscribed, massacred, they still live, as much a people, as though one in every respect, as enduring and likely to endure, as firm in faith, as fixed in purpose, as vital in any part, as when the united tribes under Joshua marched through Jordan to take possession of the promised land.

Now, this is due to these laws of Moses, for out of a tribe of herdsmen he made a nation, and but for him and his ordinances this people would have been scattered and mingled with other nations, just like any other mass of nomads under similar circumstances of national disaster.

I propose to investigate these wonderful ordinances, and find wherein their strange power consisted, to mark the difference between them and those of other legislators, who have all more or less failed in giving permanency to their work, and chiefly to show how near and yet how far we are from following them in our own laws, customs and practices. I have even held that we Anglo-Saxons—men of the Bible—are nearer the Jews in many respects, by our adopting their Holy Writings as a living rule or daily faith, than any other ancient or modern people.

What is the Hebrew Commonwealth? This is not to be considered merely as an abstract question. It involves not only all religion, which is the true root of the whole matter, but all law, government and art; in a word, everything that goes to make up what we call civilization. I consider the march of Moses as the grand event in the history of the human race. Into it all previous knowledge and civilization flowed to aid in developing and rendering it perfect, and from it has sprung forth all that was good, then and since, in religion, government, and social life.

Before speaking, however, of this wonderful life—this marvelous march and its results—I must speak of the mighty men who preceded him and of the form and manner of religion as practiced by the patriarchs.

Religious Dispensations.

We speak of two dispensations—the Hebrew and the Christian; we speak of the Mosaic law as distinct from that taught by our Lord and his apostles; and we utterly ignore the long race of patriarchs from Adam to Abraham, or rather Moses, who worshipped God in spirit and in truth according to light given them directly by God himself.

I think that we speak wrongly here. There are really three dispensations: The first, the most ancient, patriarchal, from Adam and Noah to Abraham and to Moses; the second, the middle, Hebrew, or Mosaic, from Moses to the time of our Saviour; and third, the present, that of Christ and his apostles. The Hebrew was as a bridge between the two: religion, which had been as wide-spread as the race of man, was narrowed down to one nation, thrown as a bridge across a time of darkness and danger, to be again expanded by our Lord's followers and to again as broad as humanity itself.

Men see that the Jews endure and therefore they think that endurance is a Hebrew characteristic that these people must be somewhere now.

Endurance was no more a Hebrew power than that of any other people; they live because they observe Moses' laws; if they disobey they perish and are wanting in history. The very destruction of the Ten tribes is a proof in itself of the permanence of these life-giving ordinances. To obey is to live; to neglect is to suffer; to disobey is to perish. This very endurance of the nation, obeying these laws, is a proof that the laws are divine. All that other men made died of age and disease. What this man made abides in life continually. He said that his laws were divine. The result of ages, the long trial of time has proved his assertion true. Of all miracles this race is in its perpetual existence the longest and the strongest. Moses wrote, the Jew lives: no prophecy has been and none is more completely fulfilled; no better refutation of the sceptic: no stronger proof of the truth of the bible can be found than this permanent existence of the Hebrew nation. I am willing to base my faith in God on this alone had I no other evidence of the existence of God and the truth of his holy word.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis said, yet sweet to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we but the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the field,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel 'gain our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness—
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely;
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle madas
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose dark, soft eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
Over brows so sunny bright,

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They followed every tear;
They have passed—like hopes away,
And their loneliness has fled;
Oh, many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen with the stem;
Yet oh, it is a lovely death
To go from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening—
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away;
That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each loving breast
Like the tendrils of the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And we can but think of these,
In the soft and gentle Spring,
When trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blooming;
And we know that Winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

CHURCH COURTESY.

Before we were born, the reverend father of the writer came to this country.

He entered the great city and on

the Sabbath went to the great church of

the city, and was coldly shown to the

old man's pew under the gallery, near

the entrance.

He entered with the old man's

son, and the old man's

grandson, and the old man's

great-grandson, and the old man's

great-great-grandson, and the old man's

great-great-great-grandson, and the old man's

great-great-great-great-grandson, and the old man's

great-great-great-great-great-grandson, and the old man's

great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson, and the old man's

great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson, and the old man's</

opened a friendly intercourse with the Northern Church. It could not be six months until our Church would be demoralized and go to the scattering off to the Episcopal Church and other denominations?" Mr. Moderator, the brother is mistaken. This is not our danger. But we are threatened with a danger that is fearful. It is this, sir, that by our quiescence and inert, and suspicion—and the examination and reprimand of Presbyterians against Presbyterian, "Greek against Greek," we shall drive our people to infidelity and atheism! Our young people, and outsiders, sir, do not understand the difference between Northern and Southern Presbyterians. Although it is true that these Presbyterians, great and distinguished for talent, and learning, and orthodoxy, and high culture, are in each other's hair, at each other's throats, and trying to destroy each other, while the watchword, hate, hate, hate, is the motto of the party, I can assure you, Mr. Moderator, that that uncharitable judgment, and so far as my observation and experience go, the great heart of the Church is sick and sore on account of this strife. I do not believe that editors of newspapers please the majority of their readers when they fill their papers with accounts of these dissensions. The people, sir, want peace, not war.

My next objection to that Report is, that in my judgment, it is not calculated to bring peace, but war. It is to return to kindness or狠心. They ask a fish; we give them a stone. In their Assembly in Albany, in '68, they by formal action, acknowledged our separate and independent existence, and as the stone is cast, so is the stone-throwing. The feet of all other brethren of the great Presbyterian family, thus virtually and in effect receding and retracting their offensive action at Pittsburg. In their Assembly at New York, in '69, they reiterate this action with words of kindness, sending their Christian salutation, and now they go still further; they not only express a desire for the speedy establishment of cordial fraternal relations with the Southern Presbyterian Church, upon terms of mutual confidence, respect, Christian honor and love; but they send a degradation consisting of our friends, of brethren known and beloved by us, comprising words of the most wretched ingratitude, that they have appointed a Committee of Nine, of which this delegation of esteemed brethren constitute a part—to meet a similar Committee appointed by us, to concert together—not to how an organic union can be brought about—but they solemnly disclaim, but "with a view to the welfare of whatever may be in the way of friendly intercourse." They bring no charges. They institute no charges, expressed or implied. All they ask is a mutual conference with friendly intent to remove whatever obstruction may be in the way of fraternal intercourse. This is a most cordial and judicious withdrawal of law-suit—in the settlement of difficulties in divided churches, and even, for ought we know to the contrary, to a removal of all the "1860 FARC" proceedings. But, sir, how do we, according to the paper reported by the majority, propose to respond to their friendly overture? We send a friendly committee, untrammelled and trustee to return kindness for kindness, courtesy for courtesy, to consult according to their best wisdom and piety, for the peace and honor of our beloved Church? Surely, sir, we have brethren whose wisdom, piety, zeal and love for the honor of their Church, we can trust. They will prove courteous and considerate, and enable us to maintain our hitherto vacillating position. But, sir, instead of this, we go through the form, it is true, of appointing a Committee of nine—sent shackled with "instructions"—bound hand and foot—allowed no liberty—but made simply the bearers of a bill of exchange, to bring railing accusations to charge them with having disengaged Christ—surrendered all the great testimonies of the Church for the fundamental doctrines of grace—having outlawed members of their own church—and misrepresented the Southern Church before the whole world. These are the charges that our Committee is to be concerned to hear and prefer—the actual acknowledgment of which, it would seem, is to be made a condition precedent to friendly consultation! Mr. Moderator, is this kind, is this courteous, is this Christian—is it respectful even to our Committee? Can they expect our support? Suppose, sir, that two members were at variance, and one is anxious for a reconciliation, and sends a third party to propose an interview with reference to a friendly settlement, and the other should reply: "Yes, I will meet you on the condition that you first acknowledge you are a heretic and a scoundrel, and I will meet him on the same condition, and you will be." I would not. I do not see how our Northern brethren can meet our Committee, coming shackled as they do with this bill of offensive charges. Sir, what have we to do with their heresies and misdeeds? Nine years ago, we declared ourselves to be a separate and independent church, and we are still, and by many names to the declaration, and our reasons for the step that we had taken of which, sir, I am as proud as our forefathers were of the Declaration of Independence. They themselves, at Albany, in '68, acknowledged us to be a separate and independent church. Why then, sir, we let it be known, and keep it up to be a matter of censure against them more than against any other church that entertains error? Why not tell them against the Cumberlands for their error on the subject of predestination? and the Associate Reformed for their strait lace notions about Rouse's version of the psalms, and their close communion? Why not instruct our delegates to speak directly to their brethren for their heresies? Why, Mr. Moderator, we are not the keeper of our Northern brother's conscience. We do not require perfection in all things as a condition to friendly intercourse. The only condition, sir, is that they should be true to the truth of the gospel. If they love the Lord Jesus Christ, then bear him and our own brethren, and we are bound by the great law of brotherly love to fellowship them as such. The grandest thought that ever came into my mind in connection with this visible Church of Christ, is that the law of Christ is infinitely superior to patriotism. It knows no section, no caste, no color, no blood, no nationality, no country—but only the world, the whole world! for all are one in Christ Jesus!

For nine years, Mr. Moderator, we, as a General Assembly, have occupied a high and noble position. We have kept up a fierce, but not uttered, a word of censure, or reprobation against the Northern Church, although all their terrible acts against us have been passed in the mean time. Why not still maintain this exalted position? Why now come down to mingling in strife, and to prefer charges? If we cannot send a Committee with the boldness and directness of effective charges, then, sir, I am not in favor of sending a Committee at all. I would simply prefer that we should inform our Northern brethren, that we do not, at this time, see any way clear to enter into any correspondence with them whatever. This would be dignified—this would be candid—this would not be disgraceful—but it would be a blow to us, that we could maintain our prestige for peace. But, sir, the adoption of this paper will be a coming down. It will be the tocsin of war. We shall enter the lists, and the thunder begins—Aip, answering back to Juro, and Juro to Aip. What a battle to the death! The sudden and unexpected fall of humanity, and the most hostile conflict between two nations, this is bad enough—not civil war, this is worse—not the separation of a united, a loving family by the death of some of its members—not any one of these, nor all put together—but the mortal conflict of brothers, born of the same parent, and educated to the same end, not in the same page, and laid in the same bed, trying to cut each other's throats! Similar to this, sir, will be the strife of Presbyterians, one in origin, and in history, and apparently one in happy organic union!

Mr. Moderator, if, necessary let us bear a d forbear, but let us not bear the first stroke. Let not this be the first intimation, let not it be sent from our high position which we have occupied ever since our organization, nine years ago—let us not give up our impregnable vantage ground, which we have so long and so honorably maintained, despite all the hard utterances of the Northern Assembly, which in what I do not know, the author of the *University City College, Cal.*—At an election held on the 28th instant to fill vacancies in the Board, Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D., Rev. T. M. Cunningham, D. D., and Wm. C. Raister, Esq., were

school in the land. In Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, the examination was clear and rapid, the answers prompt and accurate. And here, where more progress has been made in the last ten years, than in any department of education, the pupils showed themselves fully up to the times. Their answers showed a knowledge of principles and facts, which far outstripped that of the examiners; and they were forced to class themselves among the "old fogs."

In addition to the usual musical exercises at the close of the session, there were two essays that were highly complimented, one by Miss Julia Martin, of Athens, East Tennessee, and the other, the valedictory by Miss Alice King, a granddaughter we suppose, of the late Father King, of Bristol.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Being present at the annual examination and commencement exercises of this institution, I desire to call the attention of the Christian public to this most excellent school for the education of young ladies

The examination occupied Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the third week of June, the first day being devoted to the more juvenile classes, and the last to the more advanced, all giving evidence of the conscientious care and ability of the teaching.

The second night was devoted to music and the reading of compositions, and the last night to the annual concert, and the giving of Diplomas by the President. The large hall of the Institute was beautifully and tastefully ornamented with pictures, flowers, and festoons of evergreen. Many of the pictures were painted by the ladies of the Institute.

The classes were examined in the usual English branches, Natural Philosophy, Higher Mathematics, Latin and French. The entire examination gave the highest satisfaction, and evidently was not made up for the hour. We understand that Dr. Wardlaw is perfectly willing to submit his classes to an examination any day during the scholastic year.

In this Institution, particular attention is given to the careful and critical study of the Languages, though not required for graduation. This might be expected from the known reputation of Dr. Wardlaw for classical attainments of the highest order.

In the department of English Literature at History Dr. Wardlaw is an enthusiast, and the pupils of his school enjoy advantages in this part of their education not surpassed by any University in the land. The instruction given in every department is thorough. Dr. Wardlaw has a residence in teaching. He is an accomplished scholar himself, and will have none but the best of teachers in his school. A young ladies who expect to qualify themselves to teach, would do well to avail themselves of the advantage of spending a year with Dr. Wardlaw.

The different classes examined in ancient Languages exhibited good advancement, and gave evidence that they had been well instructed. The graduating class did extremely well. It is rarely that a class so young that get such a correct knowledge of the structure of the language.

The musical department of the school was well sustained. The lower good school had a rich treat offered them. The high class given showed that they were pleased. Some of the most difficult pieces of music were rendered by the advanced pupils with correctness, expression and effect.

On the examinations of the first class was 17, tench, and the lectures of tone and color, rarely equalled by one who spoke the language. The names of the girls in class were:

Miss Lily Bemis, of New Orleans.

Miss Venie Burton, of Marion, Tenn.

Miss Bessie Dayton, of Smyrna, Tenn.

Miss Jessie Huie, of Smyrna, Tenn.

It will be a source of great pleasure to the friends and patrons of the school to learn that the same able corps of teachers will be with the school next year, which begins on the first Monday in September.

We would take pleasure in calling the most excellent school to the attention of parents and guardians. We know what we say when we say that more thorough and critical instruction is not given by any school in the land, and at about one third the cost of many other schools.

The building is large and substantial. The Principal with his family in the Institute, and the boarders form part of his household. A large school is expected next session. It is the only Presbyterian school in the State.

J. H. B.

We take pleasure in adding to the article, which will be recognized as from the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Shelbyville, the following resolution, which was adopted by the Presbytery of North Alabama at its meeting last week.

Resolved, That we have heard with pleasure the statements of Rev. W. A. Wardlaw, and Rev. John H. Bryan, respecting the Shelbyville Female Institute, under the care of Dr. Wardlaw; and we appreciate the efforts and success of the Principals, and particularly compound that school to the credit of our cause; and we deprecate principal, from us, to patronize PRESBYTERIAN schools in preference to schools of other denominations.

—E.D.

Another statement, respecting thoroughness of instruction, is an extract from an article in the Abingdon *Virginian*, which is signed with the initials of Rev. E. H. Barnet, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Lynchburg.

"We were glad to see the that the study of English Grammar has not been neglected. The correct use of the English Language is, after all, the true test of good scholarship. We have daily practical use for all the correct knowledge of our mother tongue, which we can acquire. It was, therefore, with hopeful pleasure that we found those young ladies able to discuss the proper use and place of the adjectives, adverbs and verbs, which they will daily use in after life.

We were specially pleased with the examinations in Mathematics and the Physical Sciences. Woman's mind does not seem formed by nature to grasp or understand the more exact sciences. But the young ladies of the "Stonewall" displayed a knowledge of Algebra and Arithmetic which would have done credit to

Current Publications.

THE OLDEST AND THE NEWEST EMPIRE:

China and the United States. By William Speer, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board, formerly Missionary in China and to the Chinese in California. Cincinnati, O.: National Publishing Company. Chicago: Jones, Junkin & Co. 8vo.

This handsome volume comprising seven or eight octavo pages, contains more valuable information respecting China and the Chinese than any other work known to us. Its author, Dr. Speer, was sent as a missionary to the Province of Canton, in China, in 1846, and in 1852 to California to preach the Gospel to the Chinese immigrants. His work is largely made up of materials collected during his residence and acquaintance with that people. Connected with graphic pictures of the Chinese at home, he gives the reader a summary history of their Empire, their manners, arts and institutions. The new relations, in which very many of them are coming to us, renders this work a matter of great practical interest to the people of this country. The reader will find extracts from the introductory chapter of his work on the first page of this paper.

STEPPING HEAVENWARD. By E. Prentiss, author of "The Flower of the Family," "The Susy Books," "Little Lou's Sayings and Doings," &c., &c. 12mo, pp. 42. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. For sale by T. L. D. Walford, No. 918 Main street, Richmond, Va.

The tale is of the "great change" of a passionate, head-strong girl of sixteen, at a mock, even-tempered woman, seeking to live the life of a Christian, and to be a blessing to all around her. The form of a diary is adopted, as the most suitable for the delineation of the various changes in temper and character, which the lapse of time is ever making. The quiet scenes of home life are admirably drawn, and though less exciting than those drawn from the lives of men whom the world calls great, are much more improving, and not less entertaining to a well regulated mind. The spirit of the work is good—a true woman is sketched, and as the true in man even begets the true, the effects of its perusal must necessarily be good.

LIFE IN UTAH; OR THE MYSTERIES AND CRIMES OF MORMONISM. By J. H. Beadle, Editor of the *Utah Journal*, and *Utah Standard*. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 12mo, pp. 640. The author of this volume, took up his residence in Salt Lake City, in October, 1868, as the Editor of the *Salt Lake Reporter*, and *Utah Standard*. The entire examination gave the highest satisfaction, and evidently was not made up for the hour. We understand that Dr. Wardlaw is perfectly willing to submit his classes to an examination any day during the scholastic year.

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those flares of so-called patriotism, which taint so many from that section of our land.

SUMMER DRIFTWOOD, for the Winter Fire. By Rose Porter. 16mo, pp. 175. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. For sale as above.

A girl's autobiography full of good thoughts and well suited for the young.

THE LADY OF THE ICE. A Novel. By James DeMille, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Crease," &c. With illustrations by C. G. Bush, Paper. Octavo, pp. 146. New York: D. Appleton & Company. For price as above. Price 75 cents.

LITTLE PILGRIM SERIES. Number Two. Designed for the Youngest Children in Sunday Schools and Families. By James B. Bannard. Paper covers, pp. 42. Boston: Henry A. Young & Co., 24 Cornhill.

A series of questions on the early life of Jesus, intended as an aid in teaching the very young.

THE FARMER'S RURAL NEW YORKER (The Great National Illustrated Rural Literary and Family Newspaper,) will be sent free to every reader of the CHRISTIAN OBSERVER AND COMMONWEALTH, who will send address to D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, N. Y.

MESSIERS.—The manner in which the country

Farmers' Department.

Curculios.

A sworn foe of curculios writes that he has been very successful in his crusade against them by the use of oat straw, which he places on burning coals and treats the pests to a thorough smoking while the dew is yet on the trees. Two or three good repetitions secure a good crop of fruit.

Chloroform and Plants.

A French observer, M. Jourdain, finds that the administration of chloroform to plants produces strange effects—allegorical to those of some drugs upon animals. For instances, it gives the barberry plant a sort of lockjaw—violently inverting the leaves as if they had muscles.

Beef Hash.

Slice some cold beef and some cold boiled potatoes; put an onion to a good gravy, either from the joint or stewed from the bones. Let the potatoes and the beef simmer in the gravy. Add pepper and salt, thicken the gravy, and serve hot, with slices of toasted bread in the bottom of the dish.

Mush Bread.

Make some thin Indian mush, and when cool add a little salt and flour enough to make a thick batter and stir in some yeast. Let it stand all night to rise; in the morning add flour enough to make a dough. Knead it well; set it to rise; when light mould it out in loaves; grease your pans, and when it gets light again bake it.

Carbolic Acid.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post furnishes the following suggestion respecting the value of carbolic acid to the farmer. In using it we presume he dilutes it with water before applying it:

I have perused the two communications in your late issues, one on whale oil soap and the other on white hellebore for the destruction of insects. Twenty-one years ago I used very extensively whale oil soap and found it quite beneficial in young orchards and on old trees in making them shed their bark and assume a good healthy color, but it did not prevent insects from making their ravages upon the fruit and leaves. White hellebore I have never seen extensively tried, but I have had some experience with another article which, in my estimation, is superior to anything ever yet tried by amateurs or those who raise fruit and flowers for a market. It is an article called carbolic violet protector.

Carbolic acid is well known as a worn enemy to all fungi and insects of every description. Using it on small plants whose tender early shoots are subject to fly and worm I have prevented their ravages on rosebushes covered with bugs and lice. It drives away immediately and destroys the larger part of them when they come in contact with the solution. On fruit trees it has all the good effects of whale oil soap, and may be relied on to prevent the borer and other pests of the fruit tree. I have never tried it on plum, but do not hesitate to say that I believe the curculio, that curse of that fruit, would take wings upon an introduction to the Plant Protector. I think your friend R. A. G., if he will try all three, will unquestionably endorse my friend. Hoping some poor sufferer, whom neither whale oil soap nor white hellebore has saved from the destruction of the fruit of his labor, will try the carbolic plant protector, I remain yours truly,

STATEN ISLAND.

IMPROVED BEE KEEPING.

The subject of bee culture is a very interesting one as well as a remunerative pursuit, if properly understood and well conducted. In the first place, a person, in order to be successful, must understand the nature and habits of the bee; and then have hives and all their fixtures so arranged that they can labor to the best possible advantage. A very few days of neglect by the bee-keeper will make the difference between a handsome profit and actual loss. I have had a single colony of bees store away 60 lbs. of nice surplus honey in 2 days. Now, if I had neglected to have given that colony the necessary arrangements for storing surplus for 6 of those days, the product would have been only 30 lbs.; if the neglect had been continued 12 days the result would have been no surplus, which would make a difference of \$18. There cannot be too much importance attached to giving bees plenty of room to store surplus, and that at the right time. One man says he wants his bees to swarm—he will not let them have a chance to store surplus, until they swarm; if that man gets any surplus, it will be but a small amount, and that of an inferior quality. It is very obvious that more than one-half of the surplus honey is lost by actual neglect on the part of the bee-keeper in giving his bees a suitable chance to store.

Some may ask: When is the right and proper time to give their bees a chance for storing in boxes? It is the right time when your bees become numerous enough so as to occupy all their combs in the body of the hive. As soon as one box or a set of boxes are filled, remove them, and put empty ones in their places. I have often been told if we manage in this way we will get no swarms; I think differently. Suppose you do not get quite as many swarms, you will get a large amount of

surplus honey, which you can turn into cash. Efforts are being made to introduce different species of the honey bee into this country. I have now an Egyptian queen which I intend to thoroughly test; they are somewhat smaller than the Italian. Use the best movable comb hive; procure the Italian bees, if you have not already got them; have everything nicely arranged about your apiary, understand your business, and you will find bee culture pleasant and profitable.—*Carry.*

THE BEST BREED OF CHICKENS.

Within the past thirty years I have tested most of the fancy breeds known in this country, and have discharged all but one because of certain defects which rendered them unsuited to my purposes, my object being to secure good layers and setters—birds that were large, meaty, and hardy—that were industrious without being nischievous, good feeders without being gourmands. Both English and Northern poulterers speak highly of two or three French varieties for table use and laying qualities; but they are non-sitters, and their young are delicate and difficult to raise. For general utility, the pure Brahma, dark or light, is the bird of all others for Virginia farm-yards. With ordinary care, the Brahmans furnish more eggs, the year round, than the White Face Black Spanish, Leghorn, or Creves, and will raise twice the number of chicks. They are harder, less mischievous, grow quicker and larger, and are far less liable to *ropes*, *gape* and other diseases. They set well, make admirable mothers, the pullets lay earlier than any other breed with which I am acquainted, and their young grow more rapidly, and suffer less in fledging.

Let me here repeat that cleanliness, sound food, pure fresh water and dust-baths are essential. Where poultry have warm, well-ventilated lodging-rooms (if they are Brahmans), they will lay as regularly in winter as in spring. I have been in the habit of hatching out the young every month in the year and I have found no difficulty in rearing them. My plan has been to keep the chicks in a warm dry location, where they could get the sun and air and yet be kept out of the morning dews and fogs as well as the rains. For a few days after they are hatched I have fed them on hard-boiled eggs, well mixed with dry corn or oat meal, feeding every two hours and always on fresh food. After that I have fed on hard crumbs, soaked wheat, boiled potatoes, raw hominy, or grits, and grass and raw cabbage leaves, cut very fine. In their water vessel I sprinkle a little pulverized copperas every other day as a tonic and twice a week I put into the water a few drops of camphor. I also give them every other day a little boiled fresh beef, cut very fine, and such worms and insects as may conveniently be obtained in the garden. If they become infested with vermin, as sometimes happens, I mix a few drops of carbolic acid in a gill of water, add with this mixture anoint them under their wings and about their heads and necks. A few applications dispose of the intruders, and once clear of them they are apt to keep so, I prefer this application to grease because the latter is too chilling in early spring or winter. Weakly, delicate birds produce vermin. Fat, strong, healthy fowls are rarely annoyed by them.—*Correspondent Southern Planter.*

Henry Ward Beecher on the Crow.

In a recent issue of the Ledger, Henry Ward Beecher speaks of the crow as follows:

Aside from this special question of profit and loss we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy and that is human. He takes advantage of those that are weaker than himself, and that is manlike. He is sly and hides for tomorrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he learns useful things, showing a true boy-nature. He thinks his own color the best and loves to bear his own vice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can lay his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when he is hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them he has nothing else to do.

No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off his wings and put him in breeches, and crows would make fair average men. Give men wings and reduce their smartness a little and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows.

Best Varieties of Fowls.

The Scottish Farmer gives the following estimates as to the value of several varieties of fowls:

For chickens for the table—nothing like the Dorkings.

For size of egg—nothing equal to the Spanish—but they do not lay very regularly.

For number of eggs—nothing like the Hamburgs, but the size of egg is small compared to the Spanish. The Hamburgs lay about eleven months in the year, and never sit.

For eggs during very hard frost and snow—there are nothing like Brahmans. Hard weather does not seem to affect them, and they always look well and "sony-like," let the cold be ever so severe.

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WATCHES AND
CLOKS,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
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Parties wishing to be supplied regularly during the season should leave their orders at once at our office, 162 Third street, between Green and Walnut. Full weight guaranteed.

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DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, FRAMES,

BRACKETS, PACKING BOXES

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RHEUMATISM! RHEUMATISM!

The undersigned, an old resident in this city, about a year since succeeded in compounding a purely vegetable remedy for this most painful and troublesome disease. By giving away a few dozen bottles to persons so disposed, many recovery cases have been made. See testimonials in circulars. He now offers it to the public, guaranteeing a perfect cure in every case. Address, or call upon

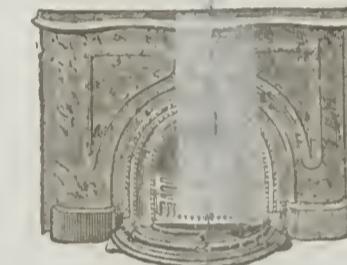
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Pearl Street, East of Plum.

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ROYES & LEE,

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